

Recording - This shouldn't be his life

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Summary

There's just only so much he can take. And this is it. This is as much as he can take. Maybe an ounce more than his limit.

Will after Hannibal is taken away by Jack. :)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Can you hear me?” Alana’s voice breaks through the void Will finds himself in.

There's only so much he can take.

He’s been thrown off a train, shot, drugged, head sawed through. Kidnapped and drugged again, hung upside down, trapped and nearly had his face taken off.

There's just only so much he can take. And this is it. This is as much as he can take. Maybe an ounce more than his limit.

He woke up in his bed and it all just... happened. And now he’s watching Hannibal be taken away by Jack, and he doesn't know how he’s feeling. He knows what he should be feeling. But Hannibal saved him. He'd be faceless by now. Probably dead, or worse. Hannibal would’ve killed him before, sawed into his brain, but he didn’t. He doesn’t know how to feel at all.

He’s been surviving, just surviving, for days.

Well, he hasn’t been functioning in a while. He’d tried to ignore the fact that Hannibal had made it out of the states. He’d tried to move on, to focus on other things.

But the thing is, he just couldn’t. He couldn’t move on. Can't live with him. Can't live without him. Can hardly breathe without thinking about him, the chokehold he has on him, always. He can barely string a thought or day together without him in his head. The moment his internal monologue turned into Hannibal’s voice, it was too late. He can’t get it out. Can't string a thought together without breaking down, these days.

He'd never been able to move on, and now he should be able to. Hannibal is being taken away. Jack will make sure he never sees the sun again.

How is it fucking okay that Hannibal just sawed into his forehead, and he’s still alive? How can he be alive after what just happened? He’s decided that It's not fucking okay. This is not something that should’ve happened to him, and he should not be living to remember it. There's a hole in his head. How can he be alive?

He thinks, maybe, he shouldn’t be alive. He wasn’t supposed to survive this. People don’t survive this. Most people don’t have to endure this. He didn’t ask for it, didn’t want this ‘gift’ that ruined his life. Didn’t want whatever empathy disorder led him to this. He should be fixing a boat to go fishing, his worst worry being getting back to the dogs in time for their dinner and making sure he catches something for his own dinner.

This shouldn’t be his life.

“Will?” Sounds like Alana. He's back on the bed, but sat on the side, bare feet touching the ground. It’s cold but he can’t really feel it. Can't really feel anything. “Will, you there?” He nods slightly and it hurts his head a little. He’s feeling very absent, like he’s there but not

totally. He recognises the feeling. Dealing with trauma with dissociation. It's been his only coping mechanism since he shot Garret Jacob Hobbs. At one point he could blame it on recovering from the encephalitis, but he can't anymore. "How are you feeling? I'm sorry I took so long; I was making sure Margot would be okay."

"Is she okay?" Will whispers. He hopes she's okay. Margot has been good to him, despite everything.

"Not really. But she's got what she wants from Mason, now."

"And... And Mason is..." He can only guess the brutal way it must have ended, considering Margot's extreme beliefs about her brother. He doesn't blame her. He'd do it himself if he could.

"We won't have to worry about him anymore. He got what he deserved." Will nods. It hurts his head, reminds him of the mark Hannibal has left him with. Another to the collection. His fingers ghost over his stomach, the smile a reminder of the last time he betrayed him. It hurts when he thinks about. He knows it shouldn't by now, that it's not real pain, but it always takes him back to that night, watching Abigail's blood mix with his own, watching the life drain for her with nothing he could do about it.

Hannibal killed her like her father had tried to. Like how they thought Will had done. He'd saved her the first time, but he couldn't the last time. He watched her die and for a while, he'd wished he'd gone with her. He'd gotten better in that regard, and he wouldn't let Hannibal have the satisfaction.

Not he's thinking death would be a better life. Easier to cope with. A break.

"Will?" He blinks to return to the room, even slightly. He has terrible brain fog, likely a symptom of the blood loss. He doesn't want to admit it's because of the trauma, brain trying to cope. "Will, there's an ambulance outside, or I can drive you. You should go to the hospital."

"Han... Hannibal did it."

"You lost a lot of blood, Will. Jack told me... Jack told me what happened in Italy."

"I'm fine. I'll be fine. I need to get the dogs from Zeller and Jimmy."

"I'll get the dogs, Will. You're in no state to drive. Have you slept?"

"I don't.... I don't think so."

"I can get something to help you sleep, okay? Do you have anything in the house, or shall I go to a shop?"

"I have some sleeping pills in the medicine cabinet, and whiskey." He looks to his bedside cabinet, but the whiskey is empty. "Hannibal must've used it..." He vaguely remembers, still paralysed, having Hannibal clean and dress his wounds. Vaguely because he was slipping between awareness. Hannibal, cleaning up the wound he'd caused himself.

Will slips under after Alana gets the pills for him. He checks the packaging. Having been drugged multiple times in as many days, he's a little untrusting of drugs. Particularly as Alana herself was on the side of the people drugging him. He knows she didn't want him dead; he was just a means to an end. But that worries him. He always seems to be between Hannibal and a bullet.

His last thought before he drifts into unconsciousness, is that he should visit Hannibal soon.

End Notes

this one is actually not being posted at almost midnight, or a day late. i call that progress haha

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